

Car. Whil' our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?

It hath already publickly bene read,
And on all sides th' Authority allow'd,
You may then spare that time.

Car. Bee't so, proceed.

Scri. Say, Henry K. of England, come into the Court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Heere.

Scribe. Say, Katherine Queene of England,
Come into the Court.

Crier. Katherine Queene of England, &c.

*The Queene makes no answer, rises out of her Chaire,
goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at
his Feet. Then speaks.*

Sir, I desire you do me Right and Iustice,
And to bestow your pittie on me; for
I am a most poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: having here
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equall Friendship and Proceeding. Alas Sir:
In what have I offended you? What cause
Hath my behaviour giuen to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceede to put me off,
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witness,
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Euer in feare to kindle your Dislike,
Yea, subiect to your Countenance: Glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd? When was the houre
I euer contradicted your Desire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Haue I not stroue to loue, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice
He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I haue bene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene blest
With many Children by you. If in the course
And processe of this time, you can report,
And proue it too, against mine Honour, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie
Against your Sacred Person; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the fowl'st Contempt
Shut doore vpon me, and so giue me vp
To the sharpest kinde of Iustice. Please you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince most Prudent; of an excellent
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wisest Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be question'd,
That they had gather'd a wise Councell to them
Of euerie Realme, that did debate this Businesse,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawfull, Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you Sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whose Counsaile
I will implore. If not, I' th' name of God
Your pleasure be fulfill'd.

Vol. You haue heere Lady,
(And of your choice) these Reuerend Fathers, men
Of singular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o' th' Land, who are assembled
To pleade your Cause. It shall be therefore bootlesse,

That longer you desire the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is vnsetled in the King.

Camp. His Grace

Hath spoken well, and iustly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Session do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.

Q. Lord Cardinall, to you I speake.

Vol. Your pleasure, Madam.

We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd so) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
He turne to sparkes of fire.

Vol. Be patient yet.

Q. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will punish me. I do beleue
(Induc'd by potent Circumstances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You shall not be my Iudge. For it is you
Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I say againe,
I utterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuse you for my Iudge, whom yet once more
I hold my most malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.

Vol. I do proteste

You speake not like your selfe: who euer yet
Haue stood to Chaunce, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdomes,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I haue no Spleene against you, nor iniustice
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistorie,
Yea, the whole Consistorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it;
The King is present: If it be knowne to him,
That I gainsay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falsehood, yea, as much
As you haue done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrongs. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remove these Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highnesse shall speake in, I do beseech
You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen. My Lord, my Lord,

I am a simple woman, much too weake
To oppose your cunning. Yare meek, & humble-mouth'd
You signe your Place, and Calling, in full seeming,
With Meekenesse and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.
You haue by Fortune, and his Highnesse fauors,
Gone slightly o're lowe steppes, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domestickes to you) serue your will, as't please
Your selfe pronounce their Office. I must tell you,
You tender more your persons Honor, then
Your high profession Spirituall. That agen
I do refuse you for my Iudge, and heere
Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cause fore his Holinesse,
And to be iudg'd by him.

She Curties to the King, and offers to depart.

Camp.

Camp. The Queene is obstinate,
Stubborne to Iustice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainfull to be tri'd by't; tis not well.
Shee's going away.

Kim. Call her againe.

Crier. Katherine, Q. of England, come into the Court.

Gen. Ush. Madam, you are call'd backe.

Q. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,

When you are call'd returne. Now the Lord helpe,

They vex me past my patience, pray you passe on;

I will not tarry: no, nor euer more.

Vpon this businesse my appearance make,

In any of their Courts.

Exit Queene, and her Attendants.

Kim. Goe thy wayes Kate,
That man i' th' world, who shall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be trusted,
For speaking false in that; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentlenessse,
Thy meeknesse Saint-like, Wile-like Government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soueraigne and Pious els, could speake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, she ha's
Carried her selfe towards me.

Vol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I requite your Highnes,
That it shall please you to declare in hearing
Of all these eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There must I be vnloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully satisfide) whether euer I
Did breach this businesse to your Highnes, or
Laid any scruple in your way. whi. h might
Induce you to the question on't: or euer
Haue to you, but with thanks to God for such
A Royall Lady, spake one, the least word that might
Beto the preiudice of her present State,
Or touch of her good Person?

Kim. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuse you; yea, vpon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught
That you haue many enemies, that know not
Why they are so; but like to Village Curres,
Bark when their fellows doe. By some of these
The Queene is put in anger; yare excus'd:
But will you be more iustifi'd? You euer
Haue wish'd the sleeping of this busines, neuer desir'd
It to be stir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft
The passages made toward it; on my Honour,
I speake my good Lord Cardinall, to this point;
And thus farre cleare him.

Now, what mou'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't:
Then marke th' inducement. Thus it came; giue heede
My Conscience first receiv'd a tendernes,
Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd
By th' Bishop of Bayon, then French Embassador,
Who had benee hither sent on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans, and
Our Daughter Mary: I' th' Progresse of this busines,
Ere a determinate resolution, hee
(I meane the Bishop) did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertise,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our Marriage with the Dowager.
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This respite shooke

The boosome of my Conscience
Yea, with a spitting power,
The region of my Breast, w
That many maz'd consideri
And prest in with this Cauti
I stood not in the smile of H
Commanded Nature, that
If it conceiv'd a male-child
Doe no more Offices of life
The Grave does to th' dead
Or d'd where they were n
This world had ay'd them.
This was a Iudgement on u
(Well worthy the best Hey
Be gladdened i't by me. Then
I weigh'd the danger which
By this my Issues faile, and t
Many a groaning throw: th
The wild Sea of my Conscie
Toward this remedy, wher
Now present heere together
I meant to rectifie my Cont
I then did feele full sicke, and
By all the Reuerend Fathers
And Doctors learn'd. First
With you my Lord of Lincol
How vnder my oppression I
When I first mou'd you.

B. Lin. Very well my L
Kim. I haue spoke long,
How farre you satisfide me

Lin. So please your Hig
The question did at first so
Bearing a State of mighty r
And consequence of dead,
The darlingst Counsaile whi
And did entreate your High
Which you are running hee

Kim. I then mou'd you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and
To make this present Summ
I left no Reuerend Person in
But by particular consent p
Vnder your hands and Seals
For no dislike i'th' world ag
Of the good Queene; but t
Of my alleaged reasons, d
Proue but our Marriage law
And Kingly Dignity, we are
To weare our mortall State
(Katherine our Queene) bel
That's Parragon'd o' th' Wo

Camp. So please your H
The Queene being absent,
That we adiourne this Cou
Meane while, must be an ea
Made to the Queene to call
She intends vnto his Holine

Kim. I may perceiue

These Cardinals trifle with
This dilatory sloth, and tri
My learn'd and welbeloued
Prethee returne, with thy ap
My comfort comes along:
Itay, set on.

Exeunt, in ma